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# MAUMEE EXPRESS.

Volume I.

MAUMEE CITY, OHIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1837.

Number 20.

## POETRY.

From the Saturday Courier.  
NATIONAL SONG.

BY J. N. OLNEY, ESQ.  
Sound! sound the shrill trumpet,  
Awake the glad earth;  
Give joy to the morning  
Of Liberty's birth!  
Come! come from the mountain,  
And come from the plain,  
No patriot may linger,  
No free heart remain!

Come flock round the standard,  
New floating on high;  
And let our loud welcome  
Ascend to the sky—  
Till echo repeating  
The soul-stirring theme,  
Shall waft the glad sound  
Through forest—over stream!

All hail! to that banner,  
Whose rich tints compare  
With blushes of beauty—  
The brow of the fair!  
Its stars are the sparks  
Of love-beaming eyes;  
Its azure out-ribs  
The blue of the skies!

Beneath that proud emblem  
Of Freedom, we swear!  
By each happy fireside,  
Each maiden so fair—  
From touch of a Tyrant,  
The bane of his breath,  
That flag we will bravely  
Defend to the death.

## FAREWELL.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.  
Farewell! it hath a sadder tone,  
The lip is slow to take it,  
It seemeth like the willow's moan  
When autumn winds awake it:  
It seemeth like the distant sea  
On some lone islet sighing,  
And yet thou sayest it unto me,  
And wait'st for my replying.

Farewell! thou fly'st from Winter's wrath  
Mid Southern bowers to hide thee,  
May freshest roses deck thy path,  
Yet bring no thorns to chide thee;  
And may'st thou find that better land  
Where no bright dream is broken,  
No flower shall fade in beauty's hand,  
And no farewell be spoken.

## AGRICULTURAL.

From the New York Star.

NATIVE AMERICAN SILK WORM.  
New plan for the worms to wind the cocoons.  
MR. EDITOR—Since the receipt of  
your paper of yesterday, I received the  
Nantucket Inquirer of the 10th inst.,  
in which Mr. Jenks asks for further in-  
telligence in relation to the silk worm,  
published in the Star of the third instant.  
As the words, "six different plants for  
the worm to wind the cocoon," were  
published verbatim as I expressed them  
in conversation with you, the call seems  
to require some explanation on my part.  
I will give it briefly thus: "It is so many  
contrivances to accommodate the in-  
sect in its preparation for 'winding up,'  
or so many different contrivances on  
which, (not round which) the larvæ may  
suspend and wind the cocoon. One of  
the plans may be described thus: nine  
laths 1 1/4 inch thick, 1 1/4 inch wide,  
and forty inches long, placed on edge  
horizontal, parallel to each other, and  
one inch apart in the clear; these are  
connected by lath, 1 1/4 inches long,  
placed on edge, horizontal, parallel to  
each other, and one inch apart in the  
clear; these are connected by lath, 1 1/4  
inches long, fastened across the ends;  
the whole forming a grate of 9 bars 11  
1/4 by 40 inches. Five of these grates  
placed parallel and above each other,  
3/4 inch apart in the clear, connected by  
a single nail at each corner, with lath  
9 1/4 inches long, standing vertically on  
end, forms one plan, which is probably  
the best of the six, and in the opinion of  
some good judges is superior to all other  
plans (not excepting the European  
plan of bushes and branches of trees) for  
economy, both in the space which it oc-  
cupies to accommodate an equal number  
of worms, and the expense of construc-  
tion. The forty-six lath required for  
its construction are worth 9 cents and  
can be made with the labor of an hour,  
worth 12 cents—making in all 18 cents.  
The worms wind the cocoons between  
the bars and between the grates, when  
by removing the four vertical lath at the  
corners, the cocoon can be cleared out  
in a few minutes, certainly in less time,  
and in better condition, than the same  
number can be removed from among  
bushes and trees.

The native American silk worm feeds  
on elder, which is its principal food, and  
from it spins a cocoon of good silk,  
strong, soft and lustrous, though coarser  
than that of the Asiatic worm. The  
smallest cocoon in my possession, from  
the native American worm, is 70 per  
cent heavier than the heaviest of the A-  
siatic. A fair average of the native co-  
coons are nearly 300 per cent heavier  
than most of the Asiatic. I weighed to-  
day a fair average of the native Ameri-  
can cocoons with four different kinds of  
Asiatic, from my own raising this year  
—the weights show the quality of silk,  
without the chrysalis, as follows:  
Native American cocoons 17 grains.

Asiatic large white cocoons 6 1/2 "  
" bright white cocoons 4 "  
" Monti di Brianza, a } 3 "  
" pale yellow }  
" golden yellow 2 "

The ova of the two last named were  
imported by Mr. Tinelli the present  
year. They are much cultivated in It-  
aly and Spain, and produce the finest  
silks in Europe. The Monti di Brianza  
is particularly famed for receiving  
and retaining the most beautiful dye. By  
the above you will perceive that the na-  
tive American furnishes 850 per cent  
more silk than the golden yellow Asi-  
atic.

A description of a native American  
silk worm may enable Mr. Jenks to re-  
cognize an old and familiar acquaint-  
ance, which he has often frightened from  
its resting place with the exclaima-  
tion, "Oh! what a beautiful butterfly."  
pronounced in a tone too loud and too  
harsh for such sensitive antennæ.

It ranks in Linne's system of nature  
in the Animal kingdom, Class 5, Insects  
Order III. Lepidoptera, Genus, Phalaena.  
The Moth or perfect insect is with-  
out proboscis, and therefore cannot eat;  
it has Antennæ 2 pectinate and black,  
head white, eyes 2 black, thorax red, ab-  
domen entirely surrounded with alter-  
nate red and white bands, wings 4  
brownish gray, lighter in the male, in-  
terior of two upper wings red, with one  
large ocellate spot near each exterior,  
and two smaller and less distinct in the  
margin: from the anterior to the poste-  
rior is a band of 2 distinct white and  
red lines, between this band and the in-  
terior is a large white lunate macula,  
surrounded with red and black; the last  
described band and lunate macula are  
the same in the lower wings; across the  
exterior and margin is a band of 4 dis-  
tinct lines ashy gray, black, cream and  
ashy gray; lower wings the same. The  
larvæ is greenish, without hair except  
a few protuberances, and feed mostly  
on elder. The ova are cream color  
clouded with redish gum, with which  
they are fastened to the leaf or  
bark. The pupa or chrysalis is dark  
brown enclosed in a cocoon of strong,  
soft and lustrous silk. It is a native of  
North American States and is found in  
no other country. I have 11 of the co-  
coons in my possession. 4 of which I  
found on Manhattan Island, near Har-  
lem, N. Y. and 7 in the forest of Bergen  
co., N. Y.

I intend this summer to manufacture  
some native American Cocoons, and  
hereby promise to send Mr. Jenks one  
skeine of it, provided he will "contrive"  
some better name than "contrivance"  
for the plan of lath described in this com-  
munication.

Yours, &c.

C. F. DURANT.  
Jersey City, July 21, 1837.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

In one of the loveliest villages old Vir-  
ginia, there lived, in the year 1775—an odd  
and old man, whose daughter was declar-  
ed, by universal consent, to be the loveliest  
maiden in all the country round.  
The veteran, in his youth, had been ath-  
letic and muscular above all his fellows;  
and his breast, where he always wore  
them, could show the adornment of three  
medals: received for his victories in gym-  
nastic feats when a young man. His  
daughter was now eighteen, and had  
been sought in marriage by many suitors.  
One brought wealth—another a fine per-  
son; another this, and another that.  
But they were all refused by the old man,  
who became at last a by-word for his  
obstinate refusal of the young men of the  
village and neighborhood.

At length, the nineteenth birth-day of  
Annette, his charming daughter, who was  
as amiable and modest as she was beau-  
tiful, arrived. The morning of that day,  
her father invited all the youth of the  
country to a haymaking frolic. Seven-  
teen handsome and industrious young  
men assembled. They came not only  
to make hay, but also to make love to  
the fair Annette. In three hours they  
had filled the father's barns with the new-  
ly dried grass, and their own hearts with  
love. Annette, by her father's command,  
had brought the malt-liquor of her own  
brewing which she presented to each en-  
amored swain with her own hands.

"Now my boys," said the old keeper of  
the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on  
their pitch-forks, they assembled around  
his door in the cool of the evening; "now  
my lads, you have nearly all of you  
made proposals for my Annette. Now  
you see, I don't care any thing about  
money or talents, book learning or sol-  
dier learning; I can do as well by my  
gal as any man in the country,—but I  
want her to marry a man of my own grain.  
Now, you know or ought to know, when  
I was a youngster, I could beat any  
thing in all Virginia in the way of leap-  
ing. I got my old women by beating the  
smartest man on the Eastern Shore; and  
I have took my oath, and sworn to it,

that no man shall marry my daughter  
without jumping for it. You understand  
me, boys." "There's the green and  
here's Annette," he added, taking his  
daughter, who stood timidly behind him,  
by the hand. "Now, the one that jumps  
the furthest on a 'dead level,' shall marry  
Annette this very night."

This unique address was received by  
the young men with applause. And man-  
y a youth, as he bounded gaily forward  
to the arena of trial, cast a glance of an-  
ticipated victory back upon the lovely  
object of village chivalry. The maidens  
left their looms and quilting frames—the  
children their noisy sports—the  
slaves their labours, and the old men  
their arm chairs and long pipes, to wit-  
ness and triumph in the success of the  
victor. All prophesied, and many wish-  
ed, that it would be young Carroll. He  
was the handsomest and best humored  
youth in the country, and all knew that  
a strong and mutual attachment existed  
between him and the fair Annette.

Carroll had won the reputation of be-  
ing the best leaper; and in a country,  
where such athletic achievements were  
the 'sine qua non' of a man's cleverness,  
this was no ordinary honor. In a con-  
test like the present, he had therefore ev-  
ery advantage over his fellow 'athletæ.'  
The arena allotted for this hyemal con-  
test, was a level space in front of the vil-  
lage inn, and near the centre of a grass  
plot, reserved in the midst of the village,  
denominated the 'green.' The verdure  
was quite worn off at this place by pre-  
vious exercise of a similar kind, and a  
hard surface of sand more befitting for  
the purpose to which it was to be used,  
supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and  
withal happy prize (for she well knew  
who would win) with three other patri-  
archal villagers, were the judges ap-  
pointed to decide upon the claims of the  
several competitors.

The last time Carroll tried his skill  
in this exercise he 'cleared' (to use the  
leapers phraseology) twenty-one feet  
and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the  
young men stepped into the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet,"  
cried one of the judges. The youth had  
done his utmost. He was a pale intel-  
lectual student. But what had intellect  
to do in such an arena? Without a look  
at the maiden he left the ground.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet." Dick  
with a laugh turned away and replaced  
his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and 3  
inches." "Well done, Harry Preston,  
shouted the spectators who have tried  
hard for the acres and home-stead."

Harry also laughed and swore he on-  
ly jumped for the fun of the thing. Henry  
was a rattle brained fellow, but never  
thought of matrimony. He loved to  
walk and talk, and laugh and romp with  
Annette, but sober marriage never came  
into his head. He only jumped for the  
'fun of the thing.' He would not have  
said so if he was sure of winning.

"Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a  
half. Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll  
win!" cried the crowd good-humoredly.  
Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow  
in the world. His mother had advised  
him to stay at home, and told him if he  
ever won a wife, she would fall in love  
with his good temper, rather than his  
legs. Charles however made a trial of  
the latter capabilities and lost. Others  
made the trial, and only one of the leap-  
ers had yet cleared twenty feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, "lets see  
Harry Carroll. He ought to beat this;"  
and every one appeared, as they called  
to mind the mutual love of the last com-  
petitor and the sweet Annette, as if they  
heartily wished him success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm  
tread. His eyes glanced with confi-  
dence around upon the villagers, and  
rested before he bounded forward, upon  
the face of Annette, as if to catch there-  
from that spirit of assurance which the  
occasion called for.—Returning the en-  
couraging glance with which she met  
his own, with a proud smile upon his lip,  
he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half!" shouted  
the multitude repeating the announce-  
ment of one of the judges, twenty-one  
feet and a half. Harry Carroll forever.  
Annette and Harry. Hands, caps, hand-  
kerchiefs waved over the heads of the  
spectators, and the eyes of the delighted  
Annette sparkled with joy.

When Harry Carroll moved to his  
station to strive for the prize, a tall gen-  
tlemanly young man, in a military un-  
dressed frock coat, who had rode up to the  
inn, dismounted and joined the specta-  
tors unperceived while the contest was  
going on; stepped suddenly forward,  
and with a knowing eye, measured de-  
liberately the space accomplished by the  
last leaper. His handsome face and easy  
address attracted the eyes of the vil-  
lage maidens, and his manly and sin-  
gular frame, in which symmetry and  
strength were happily united, called  
forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you  
can beat that," said one of the by-stand-  
ers remarking the manner in which the  
eye of the stranger scanned the arena.  
"If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll,  
you'll beat the best man in the colonies."  
The truth of this observation was assent-  
ed to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are  
pursuing this pastime," enquired the  
youthful stranger, "or is there a prize  
for the winner?"

"Annette, the loveliest of our village  
maidens is to be the reward of the vic-  
tor," cried one of the judges.

"Are the lists open to all?"  
"All! young sir," replied the father  
of Annette, with interest, his youthful  
ardor rising as he surveyed the propor-  
tions of the straight limbed young stran-  
ger. "She is the bride of him who out-  
leaps Harry Carroll. If you will try  
you are at liberty to do so. But let me  
tell you Harry Carroll has no wife in  
Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir,  
look at her and make your trial."

The young officer glanced upon the  
trembling maiden, about to be offered  
on the altar of her father's unconquer-  
able monomania, with an admiring eye.  
The poor girl looked at Harry who stood  
near, with a troubled brow and angry  
eye, and then cast upon the new com-  
petitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one  
of the judges, he drew a sash he wore  
beneath it, tighter around his waist,  
and taking the appointed stand, made,  
apparently without effort, the bound  
that was to decide the happiness or mis-  
ery of Henry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet and one inch,"  
shouted the judges. The announcement  
was repeated with surprise by the spec-  
tators, who crowded around the victor,  
filling the air with congratulations, not  
unmingled however with loud murmurs  
from those who were more nearly inter-  
ested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached and grasp-  
ing his hand exultingly, called him his  
son, and said he felt prouder of him than  
if he were a prince. Physical strength  
and activity were the old leaper's true  
patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought  
with his eye the fair prize he had, al-  
though nameless and unknown so fairly  
won. She leaned upon her father's arm,  
pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mor-  
tified, admiring the superiority of the  
stranger in an exercise which he prided  
himself as unrivalled, while he hated  
him for his success.

"Annette my pretty prize," said the  
victor taking her passive hand, "I have  
won you fairly." Annette's cheek be-  
came paler than marble; she trembled  
like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to  
her father, while her drooping eye  
sought the form of her lover. His brow  
grew dark at the stranger's language.

"I have won you my pretty flower,  
to make you a bride!—tremble not so  
violently—I mean not myself, however  
proud I might be," he added with gal-  
lantry, "Perhaps," and he cast his eyes  
round enquiringly, while the current of  
life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a mur-  
mur of surprise ran through the crowd,  
"perhaps there is some favored youth  
among the competitors, who has a higher  
claim to this jewel. Young Sir, he  
continued, turning to the surprised Hen-  
ry, "methinks you were the victor in the  
list before me—I strove not for the ma-  
iden, though one could not well strive for  
a fairer, but from love for the manly  
sports in which I saw you engaged.  
You are the victor, and as such with the  
permission of this worthy assembly re-  
ceive from my hand the prize you have  
so well and honorably won.

The youth sprang forward, and grasp-  
ed his hand with gratitude; and the  
next moment Annette was weeping with  
pure joy upon his shoulders. The wel-  
ling rung with the acclamations of the de-  
lighted villagers, and amid the temporary  
excitement produced by the act, the  
stranger withdrew from the crowd, mount-  
ed his horse, and spurred at a brisk trot  
through the village.

That night Henry and Annette were  
married, and the health of the mysteri-  
ous and noble stranger, was drank in  
overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.  
In the process of time there were born  
unto the married pair sons and daugh-  
ters; and Harry Carroll had become  
Colonel Henry Carroll of the Revolution-  
ary army.

One evening, having just returned  
home after a hard campaign, he was sit-  
ting with his family on the gallery of his  
handsome country house, when an ad-  
vance courier rode up and announced  
the approach of General Washington  
and suit, informing him he should crave  
hospitality for the night. The necessary  
directions were given in reference to  
household preparations, and Colonel Car-  
roll ordering his horse, rode forward to  
meet and escort to his house, this distin-  
guished guest whom he had never yet

seen, although serving in the same wide-  
ly-extended army.

That evening, at the table, Annette  
(now become the dignified and matron-  
ly, and handsome, Mrs. Carroll) could  
not keep her eyes from the face of her  
illustrious visitor. Every moment of  
two she would steal a glance at his com-  
manding features, and half doubtfully,  
and half assuredly, shake her head and  
look again to be still more puzzled. Her  
absence of mind and embarrassment at  
length attracted the attention of her hus-  
band, who enquired affectionately  
whether she was not ill.

"I suspect Colonel," said the General  
who had some time, with a quiet, and  
meaning smile, observed the lady's cu-  
rious and puzzled survey of his features,  
that Mrs. Carroll recognizes in me and  
old acquaintance." And he smiled with  
mysterious air, and gazed upon both al-  
ternately.

The Colonel stared, and a faint mem-  
ory of the past seemed to be revived, as  
he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively  
from her chair, and bending eagerly for-  
ward over the tea urn, with clasped  
hands, and an eye of intense, eager in-  
quiry fixed full upon him, stood for a mo-  
ment, with her lips parted as if she would  
speak.

"Pardon me my dear madam—pardon  
me Colonel—I must put an end to  
this scene—I have become by dint of  
camp-fare too unwieldy to leap again  
twenty-two feet and one inch, even for  
so fair a bride as one I wot of."

The recognition, with the surprise, de-  
light and happiness are left to the im-  
agination of the reader.

General Washington was indeed the  
handsome young "leaper" whose mys-  
terious appearance and disappearance  
in the native village of the lovers, is still  
traditionary; and whose claim to a sub-  
stantial body of bonafide flesh and blood,  
was stoutly contested by the village story  
tellers, until the happy denouement  
which took place at the hospitable man-  
sion of Col. Carroll.

ANECDOTE OF COOKE.—George Fred-  
erick Cooke was always fond of a frolic  
on his benefit night, declaring that he  
never took liberties with his friends at  
any other time. It once happened, dur-  
ing an engagement at Philadelphia, that  
on such an occasion he was short of mon-  
ey, and at a loss to raise the wind for the  
accustomed breeze. In this dilemma he  
started up town in a speculative mood,  
determined to inspirit himself in some  
way or other. Having reached the cor-  
ner of Callowhill and English streets, he  
cast his eye towards the Delaware, and  
perceiving one of those enticing signs of  
three golden balls, he turned the corner,  
and, entering the fatal door, addressed the  
man behind the counter thus:—"My  
name is Cooke.—This is my benefit night.  
The manager can't do without me, as I  
am up for Richard III. I want some li-  
quor. I have no money. Now I propose  
to hypothecate my royal person for ten  
dollars, and you may lay me up on one  
of your shelves." The joke was a good  
one, and the master of ceremonies paid  
\$10, and Cooke was laid up.

The theatre that night was crowded,  
and at 7 o'clock the manager came for-  
ward to apologize, stating, that, with the  
permission of the audience, the perform-  
ance would commence with the farce.  
He had sent in different directions, but  
was unable to find Cooke in the city.  
He presumed the tragedian would be  
forthcoming in the course of the next half  
hour. As the manager retired, he was  
informed that a boy wished to see him  
in the green room. He found the lad, who  
presented a note written in cyphers,  
which he at length translated thus:—

"Mr. Dear—, I am in pawn for  
\$10; send and redeem me, or it will be  
impossible for Richard to be himself to-  
night. Yours, COOKE."

The manager started immediately after  
the first star, and found him nicely shel-  
ved, and a plate of crackers and cheese,  
and a bottle of brandy by him. In the  
button-hole of his coat was a piece of pa-  
per, marked "No 1473," pawned for  
\$10. The amount was paid, a hack was  
called, and Cooke and the manager rolled  
to the theatre, where the former had  
just time to dress and commence "Now  
is the winter of our discontent," &c. It  
is said he never played Richard better,  
or received greater applause.

A GOOD JOKE.—A grocer of New  
York, who had set up an opposition to  
the whole batch of suspended banks, and  
commenced paper issue with his customers  
in the usual form, found his shin-plasters  
returned upon him in such quantities,  
that on counting over his "money," in  
order to see how much he still had in  
circulation, he found that he had already  
redeemed about \$100 dollars more than  
he had ever issued! The best of the  
joke is that the counterfeiters are so well  
executed, that he cannot for the life of  
him distinguish them from the genuine  
issues.

SHOE BLACKING.—Perhaps the best in  
the world is elder berries. Mash the  
berries with your hand in a large kettle  
of water, set them in the shade a few  
days, filling it up with water. After it  
is cool, and then boil it down to the thick-  
ness of molasses. Put a small quantity  
with a feather on a brush, rub the shoes  
till there is a fine gloss. The same will  
make good writing ink.